

SHOOTING the CHUTES TO OBLIVION IN SPORTDOM

BY BILLY MURPHY.

What does it profit a man to become a world's champion amateur athlete?

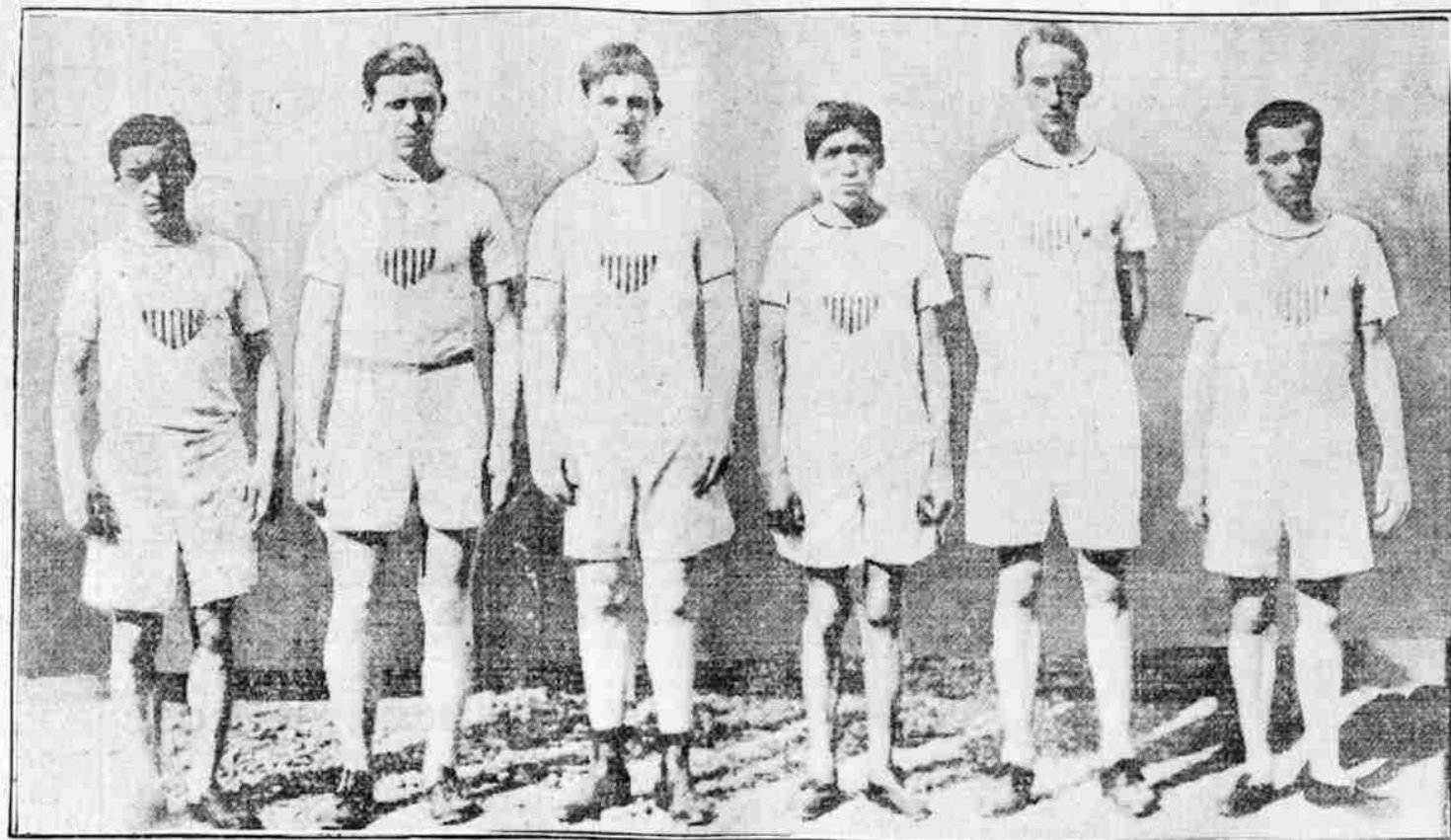
What does he gain in money, by which success is weighed in the world's scales? What does he gain in prestige in the professions? What eminence does he attain in mercantile business? What does he receive in the banking and brokerage fields for sacrificing the best part of his life to an ideal?

What place today do Arthur Duffey, Dan Kelly, F. C. Smithson, R. E. Walker, V. De V. Duncker, A. C. Kraenzlein, E. H. Pellins, A. R. Downer, G. Jordan, B. J. Wefer, M. W. Long, E. Lunghi, G. Crossland, Tommy Burke, A. T. Yeomans, G. E. Larner, W. J. Sturges, J. Butler, T. Payne, Ray C. Ewry, P. J. O'Connor, M. F. Sweeney, L. S. Scott, J. Nuttall, D. Billington, C. Healy, F. C. V. Lane and Frank Beaurepaire occupy among the captains of industry?

While the champion athletes were turning their record-breaking performances on hill, dale, track and field, the youngsters who are now princes of finance were toiling at work, at occupations, where they got the "glue."

Today the athletic hero of Avila Lang Syne is lucky if he has a job.

We are coming to be a volatile nation; prone to forget today what will happen tomorrow; nor are we so keen on yesterdays. Too often in the hurry and rush of our complex life, we are wont to neglect the simple but touching duty of paying deserved tribute to those of our number who have finished their tasks for our greater athletic



What Doth It Profit an Amateur to Become a World's Champion Athlete When the Only Emolument Possible of Attainment Is a Pewter Mug or a Disc of Metal.

ly, we will put it this way: The amateur athlete is too poorly paid under the present system, by the professional promoters, who are utilizing him for their own arrangement.

The colleges and athletic clubs do not hesitate to take the dollar, but the amateur must keep his hands off.

Wherein the consistency?

Every One Is Busy Boosting Himself.

It must not be thought that the spirit of self-absorption threading its way through this story, this centeredness in the ego of money and business prowess, comes from any deliberate lack of appreciation of amateur athletics. We repeat: Nothing to it!

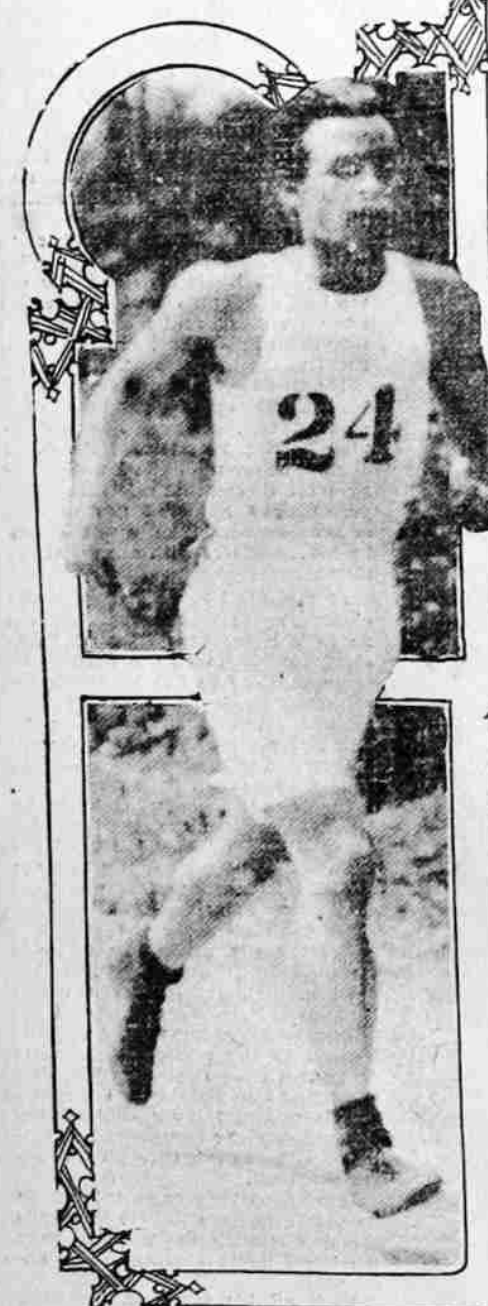
The explanation is simple; is merely this: the untiring, but tireless chase after what the high-brows call "dross," and what the low-brows call "dough," leave us with but a few moments to devote to the celebration of the noble qualities of our athletes.

Whatever time there is, we desire to use in celebrating our own personal qualities, with which all of us are richly endowed, to hear us tell it; for such is the trend of our civilization, and such, also, is the fruit of the experience, that teaches us, that if we do not do our own boosting, there is small chance of anybody else doing it.

And here, following those necessities of construction, observed by our leading Latin writers, is the time to pull out the tremolo and produce that dear old Latin one: O tempora! O mores!

Pouff! How dusty are these Latin tomes!

And so it runs—earning a little and spending a little more; but, ever and anon, there comes a moment, when through the maze of vanished years, we see a fair-haired little lad, whose great ambition it was to carve a name for himself in the pantheon of athletic fame; to become a Carey, Owen, Sanger, Wefer, Johnson, Duffey, Ford, Jordan, Hendee, Cola Stone, Reming-



associations. They grab it by the steam shovelful, whereas, if one of the boys who brings in the money takes a dime, he is ostracized.

Better for him and his ultimate welfare, if he were working at a trade, studying law, engineering or medicine.

All that the athlete seems to reap is adulation, a splendid physique and an inclination to indolence.

Fifteen minutes' calisthenics in the morning and evening would fit him just as well for the strenuous grind of life, and as for the adulation—well, anybody in the limelight will tell you, that all the basking in the calcium that the world can provide you, will not buy ten cents' worth of coal, unless you have the sesterell.

Let's dig a little deeper into this question of extravagant pursuance of excellence in athletics.

Take the cases of Martin J. Sheridan, Jim Thorpe, John Flanagan and Matt McGrath.

Where, when this quartette was at its best, could these men be matched or equalled?

They were the nets of kings and queens and presidents.

The present King of Greece made a pal of Sheridan at Athens.

Jim Thorpe was the idol of the Swedish royalty.

At London, McGrath and Flanagan were banqueted by the Duke of Westminster.

Today Martin Sheridan and John

In the top photograph are six athletes on the American Olympic team of 1908. From left to right they are: Hayes, Mike Ryan, Tom Morrissey, Tewana, Joe Forshaw and Welton.

Second row, left to right: Mike McDermott, Flanagan at left, McGrath at right, and another pose of McGrath.

Joe Ersteben in center below group picture.

Bottom row, left to right: Sidney Hatch, Jim Thorpe and Derricks of Notre Dame.

Flanagan are police officers in New York at nominal salaries.

Matt McGrath is a special officer in a cabaret.

Jim Thorpe is a "hanger on" with the New York Giants' baseball club.

Mel Sheppard, the hero of the London Olympic games, is a clerk in the United States Lighthouse Service.

The world knows each of these men deserves more bounty.

They gave the best they had; the youth of their lives and brains to amateur athletics.

What have they for it today?

Sheridan, Flanagan, Sheppard and McGrath are men of brains. They are giants every inch of them. The old Greeks would have called

them products of the gods.

I believe the old Athenians know more about these things than we do.

Now, honestly, wouldn't it have been better for Sheridan, Flanagan, Sheppard et al., if, instead of wooing the ephemeral glories of athletics, they had devoted themselves to the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar?

In this age we have little time for such purely ethical things as amateur world's champions.

We can hear you say, "Well, money ain't everything."

No, perhaps not, but the world judges your success by the money you have. Notice you don't see the names of the athletes of other days among those who are drawing down those \$100,000 per year salaries.

We do not want it thought, that this article in this series, is a "knock" at the practice of athletics or the athletes themselves.

We want our boy to be a great football and baseball star—and he is well on his way to attain those heights right now. But we do believe that the reaching of the goals of his ambition, will not net him any particular benefit later in his profession, which happens to be in the present instance—jurisprudence.

Better for him, if he were poring over his embryo Blackstone and Coke books, just now.

In short, or maybe, more terse-

honor and glory, or that of their Alma Mater. We forget too soon these lads who have done their work with all the force in them that Uncle Sam might throw his bonnet in the air and exult over his prowess.

Athletic authorities insist that the amateur's standing must be strictly pure.

But they reach out after the "kale" themselves, while denying it to their "money-getters." Their methods make professional promoters look like pikers.

College athletics particularly are carried too far. Only a small fraction of the student body has the chance to play naturally in games that require grounds and buildings.

If we maintain that athletics are to be encouraged for the physical benefit of the college in general, then great contests between universities accomplish but little, because the few men who represent the colleges are necessarily the nearest physically perfect and need this development least of all men.

College Athletics Have Gone Too Far.

Again, college athletics have gone too far when we consider the wholesome notoriety given to athletes by the daily press. The commercialism which has been built up within and without our colleges; the money made by the college athletic associations, direct-

ly and indirectly, from the muscular progress of a few athletes, together with the agreements with the vendors of athletic goods, whereby both parties again make profits, these and similar conditions where commercialism has overshadowed not only sportsmanship, but even the amateur standard of athletics, has put the colleges in a bad light.

When a college reduces athletics to a business proposition and then makes enormous sums thereby, certainly to any true sportsman athletics have gone to excess in that particular.

But the mere taking of huge bundles of money does not affect collegiate institutions nor athletic

ton, Down, Dohm, Purcell, Connell, George, Littlewood or Sweeney.

Doesn't it make you pause now, when you think of what you might have become, if you had allowed your athletic ambition to sway you?

Would you be the Jim Campbell, Tom Ryan, Carnegie, Rockefeller, McCormick, Choate, Wilson, Taft, White, Draper, Hill, Spreckles, Fairwell, Wanamaker, Hearst, Vail or Elliot you are, if you had spent your time in athletics, instead of at work?